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SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1904

BABY TROUBLES.

"Don't you cry, now don't you, don't you; There are thorns on every rose; Come to dad and let him kiss it; Dear, that's how the old world goes; There are drawbacks to all pleasures, Storms come after cloudless skies, We kiss that baby finger, baby, Come to dad and hush your cries. "It was a botch for papa?" "Never mind, dear, just forget; You don't care much for roses, You can pick some green leaves with it, And can pick some green leaves with it, Where they snuggle wet with dew; Trip like violets the best, dear, They're so like the eyes of you. And to-night you watch your papa, You can watch beside the gate, And I'll see your tangled tresses, And your blue eyes where you wait, And I'll call and you must run, dear, And I'll tell you what you do, And I'll reach in my pocket, baby, There'll be something good for you. Something good, something you'll like, dear, So forget the rose's thorn; Let me kiss the baby finger, Where the cruel point has torn, And be sure, dear heart, to meet me— Watch for me beside the gate— There'll be something in pop's pocket That will make you glad to wait. "M. Lewis, in Houston Post.

A MATTER OF VALUES

By FRANK H. SWEET

(Copyright, 1904, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

FLASH across an open space, so quick between cover and cover as to leave only an impression of bushy and pointed paws, and then a wild chorus of discovery yelps, accompanied by a dozen forms plunging frantically across the open space and into the chin-ampin bushes beyond.

But 50 yards farther on was an outcropping ledge, broken by crevices and tunnels into a natural and safe hiding place for the hunted. From the time the fox had been started, an hour before, its winding and doubling course had been gradually tending toward this asylum, though with an idea that after playing with the dogs until weary of the sport, or perhaps feeling the need of rest, it could whisk into safety. A few minutes after the fox dropped lightly into one of the crevices, two horses with their riders crossed the space and came to a stop among the dogs.

"I am glad he escaped, even if it isn't unsportsmanlike," laughed one of them. "I felt sure the dogs would get him at the open back there, they were so close. It was a narrow escape."

"I'm not so sure of that, Miss Bristow," the other answered. "I've an idea the fox had his plans all laid regarding this ledge, and was only playing with the dogs. Shall I call them off and start them in search of a new scent? Nothing can draw the fox from his stronghold now."

"No, wait until papa comes. His falling behind meant that his horse went lame, and he has probably gone back to the stable for another. He will join us before long."

She touched her horse lightly, urging him to the top of the ledge from which they could look down into the valley. Her companion followed her closely.

"It is one of the most beautiful spots I



"I WILL BUY A VALLEY JUST LIKE THIS."

ever saw," he said, as his eyes swept over the broad, fertile acres of the farm to the lofty ridges that enclosed it on every side. "No wonder you and your father are so happy here."

His eyes left the valley and came back to her with an expression in them that made her turn away with a half smile. Allan Tisdale was a younger son, and had come from England a year before, with an income of £1,000 and an idea of making a living with it in America. He had been in the valley two months, and in that time had learned things that had not hitherto entered into his plans for a livelihood. His hand trembled slightly as it checked the restiveness of his horse.

"Yes, it is beautiful here, and we are very happy," she answered; but there was trouble in her voice. Then, with sudden rally, "you ought to be happy, too, Mr. Tisdale. We had a letter from brother Emmet yesterday, and he writes glowingly of your mine, and," looking at him inquiringly, "he writes as though he might purchase an interest in it."

"I hope not," quickly. "I like Emmet too well to wish him such bad luck. It was he who got my invitation down here from your father. He branched the subject of the mine to me before I left, but I put him off. Emmet's great fault is being too sanguine, though," with a grimace. "It was somewhat that way myself, I suppose."

"The mine hasn't paid, you mean?"

"It has cost me a thousand a year so far, all my income, and—" He stopped suddenly, for she was laughing, irresistibly. It seemed.

"I beg your pardon," she gasped, checking herself with an effort. "I—I—something struck me as very funny. But please go on. I will not laugh again. A thousand a year, you said?"

"Yes," looking at her curiously, "and as soon as I get back I shall try to sell. Then I will look about for something that will yield a sure return. And I have found it. I always liked agriculture, but never realized it could show up to such advantage as it does here. My idea was that farmers had to keep hold of plow handles and things. I—I have been thinking of it all the morning. I will buy a valley just like this somewhere in the neighborhood, and be a farmer." He paused, looking embarrassed, then went on hurriedly: "If I—I can make a living of it—enough for two, I mean—will you help me, Lois?"

She had thrown up her head, as though to stop him.

"Wait a minute, Mr. Tisdale," she cried, impetuously. "I had not intended to tell you. But I must now. It would not be right to let you go on. Our farm looks prosperous, and I love the valley here better than any place in the world; but—but we have been running behind a thousand a year ever since we bought the place. That was what made me laugh when you said that you were losing a thousand. It seemed so funny. You must not try farming for a living. As to the rest, I—I," her face flushing rosy, "am willing to help you, Allan."

She looked at him shyly, but his face had suddenly grown stern. He shook his head hopelessly.

"I must take it all back, Lois," he groaned. "I cannot make a living for one. But here comes your father."

Mr. Bristow reined in beside them, his face inquiring.

"Hello, what are you waiting for?" he exclaimed. "If one fox has outwitted you, why don't you start another? What's the matter? You look like a funeral."

"I—I have been telling Allen—Mr. Tisdale—about our falling behind," stammered Lois. "You see, he spoke of buying a farm and following our example, and I couldn't let him go on thinking the valley was as prosperous as it looked."

Mr. Bristow's face fell. "Might have waited until a rainy day," he grumbled, "and not spoil a good chase with such news. But long's it's out it's out, and I suppose you couldn't do anything else, Lois. We couldn't stand by and allow a guest to run the chance of losing money, of course. Yes, Mr. Tisdale, it's all true. We'll have to sell the valley. A man can't stand it to fall behind a thousand dollars every year with nothing in the background."

Allan stared, half rose in his saddle, his face becoming transfused.

"A thousand dollars!" he cried, joyously. "Is that what you mean? Can you run a place like this and only run behind a thousand in dollars?"

"That's what I said," rather testily, "and enough for a man to lose every year, the Lord knows."

Allan whirled to Lois. "I'll take all that back once more," he cried. "I said last night I can make a living, and I want you to help me." Then, to his puzzled host: "Don't you sell the farm, sir. There won't be any need. I thought Lois—she's promised to be my wife, you know—meant pounds, that's what I've been losing. But yours are dollars. Don't you see the difference will be nearly 4,000—dollars. That will be a nice profit for us, with what the farm yields. I will buy part of the valley, or the whole of it, if you like; or we will live on it together."

Mr. Bristow was choking. "You and Lois may fix that up between you," he at last gasped. "The problem is too complicated for me. But I'm glad the valley isn't to be sold. Now let us get the dogs on a new scent. The foxes will be getting old and fat if we leave them like this."

WHAT AILS THE CHINAMAN.

A Lucid Dissertation on the Cranial Formation of the Morbid Mongolian.

Just now, with things so stirred up in the far east, it may be interesting to know these few simple facts about the yellow races, things that are probably not realized by the most intelligent Chinese laundryman of Brooklyn who has never missed a session of his Sunday school.

The Mongolians have always been septentrionally inclined, says the New York Sun.

The Mongolian hair is the most horrid known to man, but his skull is hyperbrachycephalous with a cephalic index that beats 87.

This, of course, is the extreme limit of brachycephalism. It makes the face look like a luzerne, while the orbital apophyses connect with the cheek bones.

No less interesting is the fact that the Mongolian skull is generally phaeoxygous, with its zygomatic arch more or less convex. Nevertheless, a comparison of the nasal and maxillary dimensions suggests a platyrrhine.

Although the dental arch is hardly what you would call prognathous the mandible has a very angular symphysis.

Concerning all the yellow races it may be safely asserted that they have a very large polymorphism.

It should be borne in mind that while, as stated above, the Mongolian skull is hyperbrachycephalous the Turk's head is only sub-brachycephalous.

Because of intermarriage with the Hos the Tonquin people are tall and mesatichalous; but the skull of the ordinary Chinaman who comes to this country, so far as its index is concerned, falls down to the grade of sub-dolichocephalism.

Not so much is known yet about those other yellow people, the hairy races of Kuriles, of Saghalien and of Yeso.

Handicapped. "He can't tell the truth if he tries." "Oh, yes, he can. But he tells it in such a way that it seems to be a lie."—Brooklyn Life.

German Temperance Reform.

In one of the popular magazines the author deplores the fanaticism of a few medical men in this country who urge the danger of the use of alcohol, and the disease of inebriety. He then cites Germany as a country where the subject does not attract attention among scientific men, and that the common people are not disturbed, but continue their usual libations utterly oblivious to any injurious effect. These and other statements seem to be unknown to the leading German organ of the brewers, who, in a recent number, called attention to the dangerous agitation against the use of spirits and beer, which has provoked the printing and circulation of 871 books on the temperance question, printed during the last 13 years. It also describes 37 newspapers, magazines and annuals devoted to the temperance question, and all published in Germany. It is evident from this that somebody must be concerned in studying the dangers in the use of alcohol, and that this author has evidently not heard from the Fatherland very lately.—Journal of Inebriety.

On the Increase.

Temperance sentiment is on the increase the world over, but the most remarkable manifestation comes from Germany. The German socialists are actually considering the propriety of placing a temperance plank in their platform and are declaring themselves openly in favor of temperance as a reform measure.

Pertinent Inquiry.

Enpeck—I understand your wife died very suddenly.

Meekerton—Yes, poor dear; I gave her the wrong medicine.

Enpeck—By mistake?—Chicago Daily News.

Horse and Horse.

Merchant—I'm looking for a man I can trust.

Applicant for Position—Then I guess there's nothing doing. I'm looking for a man who would trust me.—Chicago Journal.

Even Adam.

Our primal parent had just taken a good bite of the apple.

"Now, Addie," says Eve, "don't tell me that it isn't as good as mother used to make."—Yale Record.

Fact and Fancy.

Howell—I told Rowell to-day that he should hitch his wagon to a star.

Powell—He is more apt to have his automobile waiting around for a sourette.—Town Topics.

Sarcastic.

Tom—I had all the conceit taken out of me yesterday.

Dora—Indeed! And where did they find room to put it all?—Illustrated Bits.

In Practice.

He—Do you think you could learn to love me in time?

She—Oh! easily. I only require about a week usually.—Illustrated Bits.

As Others See Us.

Her—And do you really think my new portrait looks like me?

Him—Yes, it really does, I'm sorry to say.—Chicago Daily News.

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Madame is the only one in the world who can tell you the full name of your future husband with age and date of marriage, and tells whether or the one you love is true or false. There are some persons who believe that there is no truth to be gained from consulting a Medium, but such beliefs are contrary to the truth. It is only from the ark of discrimination that such a conclusion can be reached. It is not every one who places himself or herself as a medium that can stand the test of what he or she claims.

And a person of an inquiring mind may ask the reason why. It is simply that these advisers do not take the trouble to study human nature. They do not spend their thoughts for a moment upon acquiring the art of phrasology and kindred branches that will have a tendency to make the pathway to the road of the business clear and devoid of all obstacles.

It is an undeniable fact that persons will come for advice in full knowledge of what they want to know, and yet as soon as they confront a medium they try their utmost endeavor to dispel from their minds what they know so as to hear if it will be rehearsed by the Medium.

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And yet this can be done and by consulting Mrs. Marth the seemingly mystery becomes a revelation.

This subject has received no little attention by eminent men and even college professors. So it proves conclusively that although there are infringers in our midst with oily tongues, perhaps the gates of wisdom have not been closed to the entire profession.

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